

# The Middletown Transcript.

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## ADDRESS.

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD,  
At the Opening of the Agricultural  
Fair at Middletown.

### (CONCLUDED.)

A systematic extinction from the stud of every weak or defective animal, coupled with the most jealous care of the best. We are told of the ordeals of fatigue, exposure and sudden shocks, such as swimming rivers after long and heated rides to which the young Arabian colt is subjected, and from which he emerges without apparent injury he is adopted as a "true son of the desert," and deemed fit to continue his own gifts in his progeny.

This refusal to breed from an imperfect sire or dam is the corner stone of a superior strain of horses.

A late Parliamentary commission in England, of which the Earl of Rosebery was the chairman, has contributed some interesting and valuable facts, from competent and reliable witnesses, as to the great improvement in the breed of horses in Great Britain, which is to be attributed almost entirely to free, unfettered private enterprise, and indeed all the testimony is decidedly adverse to governmental interference, which even in France during the last empire was abandoned.

Admiral Rous, the Nestor of the English turf, testified that in 1824 there were in Britain but 735 thoroughbred brood mares, and in 1872, 2952 brood mares, besides having supplied France and Germany, the greater part of Europe, America and the British colonies, with their improved stock. He stated that under their system of racing and breeding, the stature of the thoroughbred horse has increased in England, since the year 1700, one inch every 25 years. That in the year 1700 the average height of a horse was 13 hands, 3 inches; and in now 15 hands, 2 inches; and moreover that the horses of to-day can carry twice the weight allotted in racing 150 years ago. That even second class race horses can give the best Arabian five stone (90 lbs.) and beat them from one to twenty miles.

The actual experiment of racing between the half-bred chargers of the English officers and the best bred horses of the Arabs has, in almost every case, resulted in the easy victory of the former.

The attention of the French has only comparatively lately been drawn to the turf as a means of improving their stock of horses, and when in 1848 they first sent race horses to England they hardly found a place, and allowance was made in weights for all French horses. But "time at last sets all things even," and by a few years of careful breeding a "Gladiteur" was produced, whose triumphs repeated, abolished all such "allowances," and our English friends find it hard work to gain a prize in Paris, or keep their British trophies off the French sideboards.

I remember well an American gentleman who has passed nearly half a century in France, told me of a theory there accepted among horsemen, was that the closer to the earth a horse's bones were formed; that he got more sleek and earthy into his composition.

Now, I know not if this be true, and it certainly should be no excuse for scant feeding, but it would encourage our brethren in Sussex and the Eastern Shore, whose herbage is sometimes thin, to emulate the pastures of richer growth, in the production of sturdy bred horses.

It has been often said, and truly, it costs no more to keep a good horse than a poor one, and it may be added that it costs little more to breed one; and, compared to the market value of the production, there can be no question as to which way economy points.

And nowadays, my friends, when a gentleman in one of our cities wants a fine horse, or a pair, or a brace to look about this Peninsula he will find (I speak from experience) his choice very circumscribed, and he will generally, and I think properly, be advised "you had better go to Kentucky, or to Orange county in New York, if you want a really fine horse."

It is not about time this sort of thing should be stopped? And you gentlemen farmers, you stalwart yeomen of the Peninsula, have it in your power in a very short period to change all this, and bring it to pass that when we citizens, whether from New York or Baltimore or Philadelphia or Wilmington, want a fine horse we will know just where to go to find him, and that will be just here I speak, or anywhere along the line of the Delaware railroad and the roads that lead from it on both sides. There is no spot in the Union where the breeding of fine horses can be more easily and profitably conducted, and I must add, there are few places where good native born horses are just now so scarce. If you were to compute the money that leaves the Peninsula every year to pay for horses raised in other and less favored States, I think you would conclude we are a "wasteful and improvident people."

I began to say something a while ago about the effect of association with fine horses upon the character and tone of a people. This begins very early, as all permanent things do, just as the gentle voice of the mother of our childhood instilling lessons of fire-side morality, steals into the memory of the world-worn man and influences him in ways and at times, that few around him, and perhaps not even he, fully comprehend. So in the education of our boys and girls should all early influences upon their imagination and character be closely considered.

John Ruskin has been lately writing a series of noble letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain, from one of which I make this extract: "You little know how much is implied in the two conditions of boys' education that I gave you in my last letter,—that they shall learn either to ride or sail; or by what consequence of law the power of highest discipline and honor is vested by Nature in the

two chivalries—of the Horse and the Wave. Both are significative of the right command of man over his own passions; but they teach, farther, the strange mystery of relation that exists between his soul and the wild natural elements on the one hand, and the wild lower animals on the other. The sea-riding gave their chief strength of temper to the Athenian, Norman, Pisan, and Venetian,—masters of the arts of the world—but the gentleness of chivalry, properly so called, depends on the recognition of the order and awe of lower and loftier animal-life, first clearly taught in the myth of Chiron, and in his bringing up of Jason, Æsculapius, and Achilles—but most perfectly by Homer in the fable of the horses of Achilles, and the part assigned to them, in relation to the death of his friend, and in prophecy of his own. There is, perhaps, in all the *Iliad* nothing more deep in significance—there is nothing in all literature more perfect in human tenderness, and honor, and the mystery of inferior life,\* than the verses that describe the sorrow of the divine horses at the death of Patroclus, and the comfort given them by the greatest of the gods."

How much have we advanced beyond the morals of the ancient Persians who taught their youth, to draw the bow, to ride and speak the truth. If riding on horseback will teach us "the right command over our passions" as Ruskin finely says, let us for that reason alone encourage it.

By far the best horseman I ever saw was our fellow countryman, Mr. Rarey, whose gentle courage and intelligent mode of handling a horse has never to my knowledge been surpassed or even equalled.

Why is it that societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals have not created a statue to the memory of this man, who revolutionized so much of the barbarous treatment of horses, and substituted rational management for stupid brutality?

Rarey's first axiom was, "no man can be a good horseman who cannot control himself." Let the horse be never so vicious and provoking, the temper of the rider must first be bridled. Remember, my young friends, when next you take your colts in hand! Remember you must establish the confidence of your dumb companion in your kindness as well as your power. He must love as well as fear you.

The docility noticeable in certain breeds of horses is in fact the result of a habit of being treated gently.

Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, once showed me a number of immense Percheron horses for heavy draught, which he had brought from France, and commended them for their tractability and good temper, which he said was only the result of the caressing and gentle manner in which they had been treated for generations in the families of their owners.

There is no vice so hateful as cruelty. It is never solitary, but is always found in a nest full of hateful companions, imbedded in the worst characteristics of crime. When a man is cruel we call him inhuman, not human, if he is not a man.

I have often observed that cruelty is generally inflicted upon the poorest, dumbest, weakest class of horses. What seems laziness is often simple inability to move faster, and this begets impatience in the driver; a heavy blow follows the weary waiting, and the horse and driver both become brutalized.

The prevention of cruelty is largely aided by the high spirit of a horse, rendering chastisement unnecessary and also dangerous, and for reasons, and some quite apparent, men take more care, and are more considerate of good horses than poor ones. A rigid economy in the purchase of whips is much to be commended.

The increase in value of horses will induce attention to their diet, their stabling and their medical and surgical treatment.

Surely no thinking, reading man would subject his horse to the so-called "horse doctors" of the day, whose gross ignorance would be laughable were it not so terrible—the class of men who smear with hot iron the inflamed gums and roof of the horse's mouth to "burn out the lamppas;" who savagely knock out "wolf teeth" to relieve troubles in the eye, and commit the most unskilful and brutal operations, which would render them indelicate if committed upon a human being.

The dignity and high usefulness of true veterinarians is becoming recognized, and a class (as yet much too small) of educated and intelligent men is forming in this country, and a community like ours should contain such practitioners. Our farmers, too, as a class are lamentably deficient in that special knowledge of the anatomy of a horse's foot, and the laws requisite to keep it in proper condition for the severe work imposed upon it. A high grade of mechanical skill is requisite, aided by education. Farriers are a very important class in the community, and I am often amazed at the indifference they exhibit to obtain, by reading, more light upon the delicate and difficult work they are frequently called upon to perform. A really skillful man can almost command his own price for work.

As one branch of productions necessarily helps all others around it, and the fibres of trade and commerce intertwine themselves with each other, so will the improvement in our stock of horses aid that other branch of industry, the building of carriages. Already this state is a noted depot for excellent work of this description, and the reputation of some of our carriage builders is second to none in the United States.

And if just now our citizens are compelled to go out of the State to buy horses, I am happy to say they can procure within the State as handsome, convenient, enduring and moderately priced carriage as anywhere. Our mechanics, in this respect, have done their full share, and it remains for the farmers and breeders to do theirs.

cent enjoyment to our girls as well as boys to shun buggies and York wagons and take to horseback. Nothing so conserves health; nothing so gently and without wearing fatigue, exercises the human frame in a pleasurable way as riding on a fine horse. Where does a pretty girl look so especially pretty as when so mounted? Tenneyson is not the only man who has grown rapturous over woman's beauty in such case. To how many of our fair countrywomen would his description of Queen Guinevere apply—

"She look'd so lovely as she sway'd  
The reins with dainty finger tips,  
A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly wealth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips."

And when Shakespeare comes to describe a youthful knight, he soars into one of his highest flights:

"I saw young Harry with his beaver on,  
His cunillas on his thighs, gallantly armed,—  
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if his angel dropp'd from the clouds,  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

My young friends, remember the Persian lesson, "Ride and speak the truth," and as John Ruskin says, in the letter I before quoted:—"We will have less Heavens, some riding, not as jockies ride; and some sailing, not as poets and kettles sail, once more on English land and sea, and out of both kindled yet again the *Chivalry of heart* of the knight of Athens, and Eques of Rome, and Ritter of Germany, and Chevalier of France, and Cavalier of England. Chivalry—gentle and always lovely among those who deserve the name of knight—showing mercy to whom mercy was due, and honor to whom honor."

Where so much has been done, and done so well, it might seem ungracious to criticize, but I wish that among the premiums offered there was one for the best plan for a small, well ventilated convenient dwelling house for a laboring man and his family.

It has been a pleasant thing to observe so much interest and care in the late years, especially in England, been bestowed upon the cottages of the agricultural laboring men, and the operatives in factories and similar businesses; and what advancement in their health and comfort has resulted.

Surely thoughtfulfulness for the welfare and comfort of the plain, rough handed men, their wives and little ones, who give so much of toil and exposure in the task of production, is due from all. It is the hope and ambition that their children will be better off than themselves. They should be elevated by instruction in the properties and civilities of life, and every possible opportunity given to them for improvement.

I can imagine the joy of a farmer in the contemplation of his growing crops, green pastures and fat herds, but the pleasantest feature of his estate, it seems to me, would be the modest and comfortable cottages in which dwell the wives and little children of his laborers, who found peace and plenty under the shadows of his trees, and gave him friendly greeting as he passed them by. Why should not a premium be offered to the laborer who should exhibit the neatest and prettiest cottage and garden attached?

No form of government can ever destroy, nor can any mere form create the real, enduring tie of a common brotherhood between men. That depends for its existence upon the individuals themselves, and as we know men are generally what we make them by our treatment, so do I believe that a course of kindly, considerate action by the land owner or farmer towards the hands in his employ will beget a fidelity of service, a reliability in times of pressure, that mere wages or covenants binding in law, could never produce. My thought has been well expressed by one of the first of living poets:

"And therefore should we aid our aid our aid,  
And therefore should we aid our aid our aid,  
Look kindly on a brother's humble trade,  
And the reward that labor for his living  
Shall not be because our fortunes are more thriving,  
But that we shall be glad to see him thriving,  
And such good plans as answer our controlling,  
Let no false shame deter from open showing,  
The crystal stream must clear through men behind it flowing."

Therefore, teach him industry and raise his standard of comfortable life. Induce your farm hands, if possible, to lay by something, be it ever so little, until the habit of thrift is acquired, and drunkenness and dissipation will thus be disappointed of many a victim.

When this association shall hold its annual meetings for exhibition, let all who have contributed, whether with hand or brain, or money alone, let all join in cheering recognition of each other's merit, and award to each, however humble, his just meed of praise and reward for his good use of the talent entrusted to his keeping.

One word more and I have done. A large and beneficent use which your Association may, and I earnestly trust will, have, is that in your meetings there shall be a trace to all political and party dissensions, which our form of government, the necessity of self-government by our people, and the unfortunate frequency of our elections all tend to keep constant and actively alive.

I am an earnest believer in the duty of every American citizen to take an interest in the political affairs of his country, and yet I can well see the need of self-watchfulness lest party feelings destroy our sympathies with worthy men whose conscience leads them into paths of opinion widely different from our own.

Therefore if this Association shall bring the hands of party opponents to meet even for a single day in friendly clasp, shall cause exchanges of kindly greeting, and a cessation of the bitter feelings engendered by political opposition, that alone will make it well worthy of your support.

A Utopia we will not expect, but depend upon it, such interchanges will bear the good fruits of mutual kindness and good will. The country which we all love has been lately wet by the blood of her own brave children, shed in civil strife, and the angry spirit of sectional animosity seems still in some

breasts to exist, but can we not here in our home, this fair and fertile Peninsula, maintain peace and good will among ourselves?

My address to-day, save this, may be of little worth, but if it shall kindle this sentiment, if it shall assist to establish a resolution in your hearts that your Association this day inaugurated shall become a permanent bond of good feeling, mutual advancement and general happiness to all classes in our midst, then all my regrets for its other and many defects and shortcomings shall be lost in the sense of thanks to you that I have been permitted to make it.

## Who is Don Carlos?

Don Carlos, the Spanish insurgent chief, belongs to a rebellious family. The rebellion in which he has been the leader for several years in Northern Spain, is only the last of a series of insurrections which that country has suffered at the hands of its members. Don Carlos, like his uncle, and grandfather before him, is fighting for the Spanish throne, which he regards as his by right. In order fully to understand the reason of his claim, it is necessary to go back more than forty years.

In the year 1830 Ferdinand VII., a weak, indolent man, was King of Spain. His Queen, a princess of Naples, was, on the other hand, a strong-willed and ambitious woman; she was the fifth wife that Ferdinand had led to the altar.

They had one child—the Infant Isabella. Ferdinand's second brother was Don Carlos, the grandfather of the present Don Carlos. By law, or a custom which had required the force of law, females were not eligible to the Spanish throne. Isabella, therefore, was excluded, and Don Carlos was heir, who should succeed when Ferdinand died.

But Queen Christina, Ferdinand's wife, was not satisfied with this. She enjoyed and threatened Ferdinand, until he at last consented, with the approval of his Parliament, to set aside Don Carlos, entitled to the throne at his death.

He died in 1833, and Isabella became Queen of Spain when she was three years old, with her mother, Christina, as regent of the kingdom. Then began the first "Carlos" rebellion. Don Carlos, declaring that he had been defrauded of his right, which was to mount the throne when his brother Ferdinand died, lost no time in waging war upon his infant niece and her strong-minded mother; and this war he kept up, in the same vicinity where his grandson is now established, for several years.

The Queen Regent's vigor, however, rendered his every effort vain; and at last, weary of fruitless fighting, deserted by multitudes of his soldiers, and exhausted in money and arms, Don Carlos retired to France, where he lived in sullen retirement for the rest of his days.

The second Don Carlos was his oldest son. He made several attempts, between 1845 and 1861, to invade Spain; but Spain was then governed by vigorous statesmen like Espartero and O'Donnell, and his invasions were easily repelled. This Don Carlos died suddenly in 1861.

The burden of the Carlist cause now devolved upon Don Juan, his younger brother; but Don Juan, unlike the rest of the family, was not fond of fighting, and preferred the luxuries and indolence of a quiet residence in France to the chieftainship of bands of rebels in the Pyrenees.

He had married Maria Beatrice, Archduchess of Este, a daughter of the Duke of Modena; and he gave his eldest son, who was born in 1849, the traditional family name of Carlos.

When this boy was old enough to enter actively upon the scene, Don Juan abdicated his claimed right to the Spanish throne in his favor. It was six years ago that this third Don Carlos, the same who is now at the head of the Carlist forces, took command of them, he being then but nineteen years of age.

Don Carlos was brought up to believe that his right to govern Spain, whether Spain wishes it or not, rests upon Divine authority. His early years were spent in the sombre seclusion of a monastery in Styria, an Austrian province. There the monks treated him as if he were a king, and at the same time instilled the most autocratic ideas into his mind. He was taught military exercises, and soon acquired a taste for military life, such as his father had not, but such as distinguished his grandfather and uncle of the same name.

He is described by those who have seen him as of medium height, full and strong in body, very dark in complexion, with large dark eyes and thick, stubby, jet-black hair and beard.

A would-be wit, strolling into a bank the other day, walked up to the counter and addressed one of the spruce-looking clerks: "Are you the teller?" "Yes, sir." "Well, what do you tell?" "I tell people who have no business here to clear out." He cleared.

## Original Poetry.

### UNKNOWN.

BY L. R.

Lines suggested while standing by an unknown grave of a young lady, aged 17 years, at the "Protestant Episcopal Church of the Holy Innocence, founded and built by James and Peter Cozzens," at "The Cozzens," N.Y.

Unknown little stranger, you lie here and sleep,  
To many with heedless, gay tripping feet,  
That pass and re-pass your lone grave with a sweep,  
Ne'er casting a glance at the grass grown heap.

Do they know that a heart so true, pure and good,  
Is buried forever here, 'neath the cold sod?  
Do they know of the bright smile thy young lips wore,  
While thinking of Him who did us so love?

O, surely not so! or they could not pass by,  
With such a tearless and indifferent eye,  
They watched her not as her spirit passed away,  
Down through the dark valleys of death to day.

Sleep on little stranger; sweet, sweet be thy rest,  
God has thee with Him, thou art ever blest,  
Fear not for the dear ones, if living or dead;  
God, He will lead them, as thou wast led.

## Necessary Knowledge.

Without advising you to become domestic drudges, young ladies, we earnestly recommend to your consideration the practice of all necessary household duties. One of the most prolific sources of matrimonial difficulties is the lack of knowledge on the part of wives of the duties of housekeeping. In these days there are a hundred young ladies who can thrum on a piano to one who can make a good loaf of bread. Yet a husband has so much of the animal in his nature that he cares more for a good dinner than he does—as long as his appetite is unopposed—to listen to music of seraphs. Heavy bread has made many heavy hearts, given rise to dyspepsia—horrid dyspepsia—and its herd of accompanying torments. Girls who desire that their husbands should be amiable and kind, should learn how to make light bread. When a young man is courting, he can live at home; or if he has to go a distance to pay his addresses, he usually obtains good meals at a hotel or eating-house; but when he is married and gets to house-keeping, his wife assumes the function of his mother or his landlord, and it is fortunate for her if she has been educated to know what a good table is. Those who are entirely dependent upon hired cooks make a sorry show at housekeeping. The stomach performs a very important part in the economy of humanity, and wives who are forgetful of this fact, commit a furious mistake. Even the lion may be tamed by keeping him well fed, and the true dignity and munificence of the housewife is stored in her larger rather than in her wardrobe, though unfortunately, too many ladies bestow far more time and attention upon the latter than upon the former.

WHAT HE RESERVED.—The anecdote related of John Jacob Astor, as follows, may be known to many of our readers: In a public conveyance, on a certain occasion, Mr. Astor overheard a young man expressing a wish that he could possess "that old man's wealth," whereupon Mr. A. turned to the speaker, and said to him,—"Young man, I sometimes feel weary, and would gladly throw off my load. For what will you take charge of my business, and take care of my property, watching with ever-vigilant eye that there be no leak—no mistake; and at the end of each quarter rendering up a clear and sure balance sheet?"

The young man opened wide his eyes. He knew not what to say. Said Mr. Astor,—"If you are capable, and will do this, I will pay you your absolutely necessary expenses of living."

As may be supposed, the young man expressed his surprise in his looks, observing which the old merchant simply added,—"That's all I get."

THE WIFE OF THE PRISON.—A nice young man in Des Moines got married not long ago. He had worked his way to the bottom of the drawer and got reduced to one clean shirt. He thereupon rose earlier than usual one morning and kindled a fire. When hanging on the kettle he made a noise on purpose to arouse his wife. She peeped over the blankets and exclaimed, "My dear, what are you doing?" He deliberately responded, "I've put on my last clean shirt, and I'm going to wash one for myself." "Very well," replied she, "you may wash one for me too, dear, if you please."

This is an item not to be printed in the Sunday-school books: A crowd of bad boys went bathing in Skunk River, on the Sabbath day, and while the Rev. Jabez Lynne was reproving them and vainly endeavoring to induce them to come out, a thunder-storm came up and the minister was killed by a flash of lightning. None of the boys were drowned.

## Travail of a Life.

In a late London paper appeared the following, appended to a notice of a woman starved to death:

"On Thursday her landlord opened the bare room, whence all the furniture had been taken bit by bit for food. There was no fuel, no food in the room; only a skeleton that a few days before had laid down her pen, never more to take it up again—laid it down in that moment when her childhood's home had risen before her, just as the waters of life rolled into eternity's deep sea!"

Who was it that thus went out a famished thing into the world to come? Her journal contained these words, the name of the owner having been carefully erased:

Fire I have gone without for days, and now I am trying to see how long this tired body can endure without food. Strange, that during the last few days I have lived over again my girlhood's life. I am again in the old rectory, once more I hear through the open church windows the flow of the river, I hear the hum of the bee, and smell the sweet-scented hay; and amidst all this dreamy, delicious Sabbath silence, a voice is preaching the law of charity to simple listeners. "Faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of all these is charity;" so far I have listened, and I am off again, eyes and thoughts following the gayly-winged butterfly which has just come in at the open window.

We penetrate into the very heart of the dense copse, and somehow or other silence keeps our tongues. The ripened nuts fall softly upon the dried leaves, and the nimble little squirrel overhead is eyeing us askance. Suddenly my brother leaps to his feet to gather some flowers growing near. I am by his side; he has extended his hand, but it is rapidly withdrawn—a viper's head has darted up from among the mosses.

Hunger tortures me, and the water I drink is icy cold; but I am in sunny France—sunny Southern France, and our convent grounds slope to the swift Rhone. We, a knot of happy girls, are talking of our future. I do not look so far as they; my eye is following the laden grape-carts as they wind slowly down the opposite hill, and some grape-gatherers are singing in their soft patois, so musical and sweet when draped in poetry. Schiller's "Marie Stuart" rings in my ears, mixed with the murmur of the Rhine, and I stay my pen to listen to its waters as they leap over Schaffhausen's Falls; the murmur grows louder, the waters are dashing along a mighty flood; they deafen me—they are coming nearer and nearer!—"Wie die Arbeit, so der Lohn" repeats itself again and again:—"As the labor, so the reward." I have labored, and my reward is hunger, cold, a pauper's grave. I will try a little longer. "Appeal to your relatives," I am told each time I ask for help. I did appeal. One sent me five shillings, another sent me two, and told me to make use of my education—that would find me bread. I dropped the seven shillings into the poor-box last Sunday when I dragged myself to church. I could not buy bread with anything so grudgingly given. The four walls of my desolate room close around me, the roar of the cataract of the Rhine comes nearer, but a voice from its din of waters says:—"The greatest of these is charity." Have I lived in vain? Shall I die in vain?

A BORN CONTRIVISIONIST.—A short time since, says the Rochester Union, W. H. Dinehart, better known as "Cap," the peanut peddler, paid a small sum to the Country Agricultural Society for the privilege of selling nuts at the fair to be held in a few days. "Cap" bid for the license of selling all kinds of nuts and he insists that this includes dough-nuts. On going to the Treasurer, who is a lawyer, to pay his fee, he wanted mentioned in the contract—dough-nuts.

Treasurer—Why, you have no right to sell doughnuts. That's an absurd claim.

"Cap."—Yes, I have. I bid for all kinds of nuts and I am going to sell doughnuts.

Treasurer—You have no right to. Doughnuts don't grow on trees.

"Cap."—Neither do peanuts, at least I never heard that they did.

This ended the dialogue, and "Cap." retired the victor, so far as the argument was concerned.

ORCHARD FLOWING.—A ploughman who persists in skinning the trees should be kept out of the orchard. There are orchard plows now in use with which the plowman can turn the sod away from the trunk of a tree without danger to the bark from the single-tree. They are to be found in the orchards of eastern Maryland and Delaware, and ought to be used wherever it is necessary to cultivate an orchard; and cultivation is necessary if it be desirable to have thirty trees and perfect fruit.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure often thrill the deepest notes of woe.

## Agricultural.

### The Hand that Holds the Bread.

George F. Root, the eminent musical composer, author of "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and many other national popular songs, has written and set to music the following song, which he dedicates to the farmers of America, in hope that it may minister to the progress of the cause in which American farmers are so rapidly enlisting:

Brothers of the plow!  
The power is with you,  
The world in expectation wait  
For action prompt and true;  
Oppressors stalk abroad;  
Monopolies abound!  
Their giant hands already clutch  
The tillers of the ground.

Awake! then awake!  
The great world must be fed,  
And heaven gives the power  
To the hand that holds the bread.  
Yes, brothers of the plow,  
The people must be fed,  
And heaven gives the power  
To the hand that holds the bread.

Brothers of the plow,  
In calm and quiet might,  
You've waited long and patiently  
For what was yours by right;  
A fair reward for toil;  
A free and open field;  
An honest share for wife and home  
Of what your harvest yield.

Awake! then awake! etc.  
Brothers of the plow!  
Come rally once again!  
Come, gather from the prairie wide,  
The hillside and the plain;  
Now as in days of yore,  
With trump of battle sound,  
But come and make the world respect  
The tillers of the ground.

Awake! then awake! etc.

## The Lawn.

Every farm house should have a lawn in front of it. It need not necessarily be of a wide plot of ground, but if only of sufficient size for a croquet ground. Such an addition adds so much to the beauty of the homestead, that everyone can enjoy it without any great trouble or expense. Of course, the better the ground is prepared and got in order with rich manure and the cutting of grass attended to, to prevent the maturing of the seed, the more perfect will be the plot. "Downing recommended that the lawns should be cut every two weeks, but with the more recent introduction of lawn mowers it may be cut once every week with great advantage to the appearance of the lawn. Mr. Brockenridge, the well-known florist of this State, says that "the keeping of lawns, as a general thing, is not well understood, and two of the main errors made are—first, in permitting obnoxious weeds to crowd out the grass, while they could easily be got rid of by pinching; but the main error in arrangement exists in not keeping the grass cut short enough during the early part of the summer, for if permitted to run up, it becomes bare at the roots, laying them open to the sun's rays. Some people who cut their lawns often, permit the short grass to remain as a protection to the roots, but it does not look well, and is apt to clog the machine. We would prefer giving a top dressing of some good fertilizer early in the spring." The New York Times says: "If we were to make a lawn to order, we should stock with sweet-scented vernal grass, Kentucky Blue, red-top, and white clover, and use the seed liberally; but frequent mowings and annual top dressings in the fall, with well-rotted compost, will make any grass land into a smooth velvety lawn. The clover and coarse grasses will disappear under this treatment, and other grasses more suitable for lawn purposes will come in. This is a mystery, but nature co-operates with man wonderfully. The great trouble is to get man to co-operate with nature."—Baltimore American.

TREATMENT AND CARE OF COWS.—It is a lamentable fact that so little attention is paid to the condition of the buildings in which we keep our cows. Ventilation is something that is frequently entirely overlooked, not so much, we hope from the inattention and negligence of the owner as from his ignorance of its necessity. Warm, ill-ventilated stables will save food, but at the expense of the health of the cow and the quantity of the butter. Better the cold, open barn than the close, poorly ventilated stable; but there is no need of either. A little study and application will enable us to remedy both.

IMPORTANT TO WHEAT GROWERS.—The Journal published at Prince Frederick, Md., says sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is said to be a sure preventive of rust in wheat. The sulphate is pulverized and mixed with the seed wheat at the rate of one pound to a bushel of seed. Capt. Jere Baden has furnished us with this information.

He says in certain portions of California the wheat crop was, year after year, rendered valueless by the rust, but since the general use of the sulphate of copper this disease is unknown. It may be obtained at any drug store at 30 cents per pound.

## Varieties.

Baltimore imported 50,382 bags of coffee during September.

It is said that scratching a ticket sometimes cures an itch for office.

The late Bishop Whitehouse, of Ill., left property valued at 400,000.

A new style of ear-ring is made of gold in the form of a miniature champagne bottle.

A negro minstrel troupe, recently organized out West, goes under the name of "Darwin's Darlings."

The "Blue and the Gray" is a new order in the South. Its members are chiefly ex-members of the Confederate and Union armies.

Of fifteen joint owners of a lot of land in a town in Indiana, who recently united in transferring it by deed, not one could write his or her name.

A family of Smiths at Terre Haute, was recently increased by the simultaneous advent of four little Smiths, all boys, and each weighing 7½ pounds.

The local election in Corinth, Miss., held Monday, was carried by the Conservatives for the first time in eight years.

An Irishman remarked the other day that he saw "three folks sitting both together, only about twenty yards from each other."

"Change cars" is what a city boot-black said to a countryman the other day when he had finished blacking one of his boots.

"Had you, sir," said Henry Erskine to a dilatory carpenter, "been to build the ark, you should not have had the Flood yet."



## The Middletown Transcript

Published every Saturday by  
Edward Reynolds.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year, payable in advance.  
No paper discontinued until ordered, except  
at the option of the publisher.

Advertisements: Rates for advertising  
Transcript advertisements of less than one  
inch in space will be inserted at the rate of  
ten cents a line for first insertion, and five  
cents per line for each additional insertion.  
Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch.	\$ 75	\$ 1.50	\$ 3.00	\$ 5.00	\$ 8.00
2 "	1.25	2.50	4.50	7.50	12.00
3 "	1.75	3.50	6.00	10.00	16.00
4 "	2.25	4.50	8.00	12.00	20.00
5 "	2.75	5.50	9.50	14.00	23.00
6 "	3.25	6.50	11.00	16.00	26.00
7 "	3.75	7.50	12.50	18.00	29.00
8 "	4.25	8.50	14.00	20.00	32.00
9 "	4.75	9.50	15.50	22.00	35.00
10 "	5.25	10.50	17.00	24.00	38.00

Business Local and Special Notices 10 cents  
a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged  
for at the rate of 5 cents per line of eight  
words. Marriages and deaths inserted free.  
Terms: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, OCT. 17, 1874.

### Local and State Affairs.

#### THE LATE ELECTION.

##### COMPLETE RETURNS.

###### MAJORITY IN THE STATE

###### NEW CASTLE COUNTY.

###### MAJORITY OF THE VOTERS' TICKET

###### THROUGHOUT THE STATE

###### Dem. Rep. Majority.

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## Odessa Items.

[FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

Apples are still being shipped.  
The election passed off quietly.  
Cor. huskings have already commenced.  
Mr. Gile has moved into his new home.  
The "African church" has undergone a  
series of repairs.

Mr. Dan'l Stevens has opened a new coal  
yard.  
The "morning glories" still hold their  
evening serenades.

Miss Lizzie Appleton was buried on Satur-  
day last, after a lingering illness of nearly  
two years.

R. T. Evans & Co., have two vessels laden  
with coal (115 tons) bow unloading at our  
wharves.

Mr. Watkins has removed the ornamental  
tree from his front yard which is a decided  
improvement to his property.

Mr. J. Hyatt met with an accident last  
week, sustaining some injury, but is now  
rapidly recovering.

A "service of song" has been organized in  
the M. E. Church whose object is to practice  
the Sunday School music and review the les-  
sons for the succeeding Sabbath.

The quiet ripple was made to break into  
loud demonstrations of excitement over the  
sudden marriage of one of our esteemed town-  
women on Thursday last. We wish them a  
long and happy life.

Mrs. Stevens of Wilmington who represents  
the interests of the Women's Foreign Mission-  
ary Society of the M. E. Church, spoke at  
that institution on Sabbath last at both the  
morning and evening services. Her style is  
pleasing and effective, and is calculated to  
please the most fastidious critic.

The Townspeople seemed off quietly and  
without accident. About 300 hundred persons  
were in attendance. Some very fine  
riding was done, and considerable skill in  
the management of the horses was shown.

Quite an exciting contest took place between  
Messrs. Duggan and Wilson, of Maryland, but  
the former finally triumphed and won the  
first prize, a "track" sulky, and the honor of  
crowning the queen. The second prize, a set  
of harness, was awarded to Mr. Wilson, of  
Galena, Md., and the third to Mr. Bacon, also  
of Md. Mr. Charlie Ashcraft, of Odessa,  
was selected and crowned queen by Mr. Dug-  
gan. Some parties who had taken too much  
"beverage" endeavored to create a disturbance  
in the latter part of the day but they and  
their riot were quickly quelled.

### Delaware College Lectures.

The Newark people are having a splendid  
opportunity for literary enjoyment. The  
faculty of the College have arranged for a  
course of five lectures, commencing on Thurs-  
day evening, October 15th, and ending on  
Friday evening, 19th, as follows:—(that of Thurs-  
day evening, 15th, was delivered by Rev. J. G.  
Morris, D. D., L. D., of Baltimore, on the  
"Wonders of the Sea River.")

Friday evening, October 16th—W. H. Wahl,  
P. H. D., of Philadelphia, "Coel."  
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From past experience with these Delaware  
College Lectures, we have no doubt they will  
be a real intellectual treat well worthy of a  
large attendance.

### On Season.

Nice clothing: so handsome,  
'Tis pleasant to wear,  
It never will wear,  
Of quality HIGHEST,  
New styles for the Fall,  
Whit prices are lowest  
You'll find at TOWER HALL.

High qualities, LOW prices, and reliable  
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### Exhibition.

An error occurred in the premium list last  
week (not a printer's error however) by which  
Mrs. S. G. Carter, of Townsend, was credited  
with having received several premiums. It  
should have read Miss S. G. Carter, of  
Henderson. Mrs. Carter, we believe, had  
nothing on exhibition.

### Ten Dollars Reward.

Will be paid for a correct report of the ex-  
planation of his vote on the Civil Rights bill  
by the Hon. James R. Lofland  
"satisfied" his constituents while he was here  
during the "Fair."

### Fruit Growers' Association.

A meeting of the Peninsula Fruit Growers'  
Association will be held in the State House,  
at Dover, on Tuesday, October 20th, at 2  
o'clock, P. M.

### Cord of Thanks.

The members of the "Verdi" band, of  
Odessa, who have so long and so faithfully  
served the gentlemen who acted as judges,  
and other "Verdi" friends, are hereby  
thanked for their services.

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A Democratic meeting will be held at Gar-  
man's School House, a spacious hall, held  
this evening, which will be addressed  
by William Reynolds, Esq., of Wilmington,  
and R. A. Newland, Esq.

### Maryland Affairs.

A tournament took place at Port Deposit,  
 Cecil county, last Thursday.  
L. J. Derrickson has been appointed State's  
attorney for Worcester county.

Mrs. Cummings, of the eighth district of  
Cecil county, died a few weeks ago in the  
104th year of her age.

Lewis Buchanan, on the farm of Hon. J. A.  
J. Greenwell, Cecil county, this year sold the  
peaches from twelve acres for \$2,442.51.

The corner-stone of the Methodist Episcopal  
Church at Buie's, Sudlersville circuit, Kent  
county, was laid yesterday.

The property of Dr. Chubb, at Cambridge,  
Dorchester county, was sold at private sale  
last week to Wm. A. Twilley for \$1,500.

The Eastern Journal has again changed  
hands, the purchaser, this time, being Mr.  
Wm. Eddy, formerly of Annapolis City, Md.

A farm belonging to the late James Urie's  
heirs, 207 acres, was sold at Crampton, week  
before last to Samuel Conly, of Delaware, for  
\$2,425.

Wm. T. Stradley, the young man who ac-  
cidentally shot himself two weeks ago, near  
Chesapeake, Kent county, died on Saturday  
week.

The agricultural fair of Dorchester county  
will be held at the fair grounds near Cam-  
bridge, on the 4th and 5th of November next.  
Trotting each day.

It is stated that the grand jury of Caroline  
county found a bill of indictment against every  
liquor dealer in the county for a violation of  
the local option law.

In Talbot county the number of marriage

licenses for the past year was 139, of which

64 were for colored persons. Which is a slow

way of carrying out Maryland's motto.

Dr. Thomas H. Handy, of Cambridge, Dor-  
chester county, died two weeks ago, in the  
70th year of his age. Dr. Handy had prac-  
ticed in Cambridge for fifty years, and was  
highly esteemed.

Another Steamer.—We learn that the  
Eastern Shore Steamboat Company intend to  
build another steamer to put on the line  
running from Christfield to Baltimore—  
Christfield Leader.

Robert Jones, while "squirreling" one day  
recently near Salisbury, fired at one of the  
bunnies with a gun that had enough kick in  
it to break his shoulder blade. He has quit  
the sport until next season.

The October term of the Circuit Court for  
a great number of cases are on the docket, and  
it is supposed the session will be more pro-  
tracted than usual.

Hon. J. T. Tule, of Port Deposit, Cecil coun-  
ty, is president of four national banks—Cecil  
National Bank of Port Deposit, National Bank  
of Elkton, National Bank of Frederickburg,  
Va., and the Citizens' National Bank of  
Washington. The authorized capital of these  
four banks is over one million of dollars.

In the Circuit Court of Cecil county last  
week, Miss Jessie A. Heaton, a little girl, was  
awarded \$350 damages from the Philadelphia,  
Wilmington and Baltimore railroad. She  
had paid the conductor ten cents and request-  
ed him to let her off at Frenchtown, but she  
was carried to Port Deposit and compelled to  
walk back.

Dr. Wilson, whose trial was removed from  
Talbot county to Cecil, on the charge of  
assault with intent to kill Mr. George Mor-  
row, has been tried and acquitted of the  
major offense, but was convicted of commit-  
ting an assault, and fined \$5 and costs, and  
sentenced to sixty days imprisonment in the  
county jail.

Miss Perry, sister of Mrs. John Wilson, re-  
siding in Landing Neck, Talbot county, in  
the absence of her sister dressed herself in her  
best clothes and left home on Tuesday last  
week. On Wednesday following her shawl  
and shoes were found in the forks of a tree,  
within a short distance of Lloyd's landing.

Being subject to fits of despondency, and hav-  
ing attempted to commit suicide about four  
years ago, it is believed she drowned herself  
in Choptank river.

A colored man named Frank Fountain at-  
tempted to break into the dwelling of Mr.  
Jas. C. Tarbutton, at Bartlett's Mills, Trappe  
district, Talbot county, on Saturday night  
last. Taking off his pants and shoes he suc-  
ceeded in taking off the shutters of the sleep-  
ing room of Mr. Tarbutton's sister, when the  
young lady awoke and gave the alarm, which  
brought Mr. Tarbutton to the scene, who  
caught the negro and gave him several severe  
blows, after which he escaped, but was after-  
wards arrested and committed to jail. He  
owned that the pants and shoes belonged to  
him.

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## A Substitute for Quinine.

For years, quinine was regarded as the only  
specific for malarial diseases, and immense  
quantities of the drug were annually consumed  
throughout our western country, more particu-  
larly along the river bottoms and adjacent  
lowlands.

With the fall months malaria, in all its  
various forms, stalks like an epidemic through  
the land, and whole districts are prostrated  
by chills and fever, the entire population  
shaking with ague. Heretofore, quinine was  
regularly resorted to; but, while it frequently  
relieved the symptoms, it was usually found to  
do little or nothing to remove the cause of the  
disease, producing nausea, vertigo and  
fugitive pains in the head to such an extent  
that months elapsed ere the system recovered  
from its effects. These objections to its use  
were so marked, that the introduction of  
Mishler's Herb Bitters was hailed as a triumph  
in medicine. Infinitely more certain in its  
beneficial effects than quinine, it possessed  
none of the demerits of that drug. Instead of  
nauseating, it tones and invigorates the  
system, and while it expels the malarial  
poison, it increases the appetite and  
facilitates digestion thus rendering the sys-  
tem stronger, and better fitted to resist the  
attacks of disease. In fact, a judicious use  
of Mishler's Herb Bitters at this season of the  
year, will prevent the recurrence of this dis-  
ease, even in those who have never passed an  
autumn without it. An experience of twenty  
years proves it to be the greatest ANTI-MALARIAL  
known to medical science.

There, perhaps, no disease so subject to  
climatic changes as affections of the Kidneys.  
Hundreds of our farmers, mechanics, and la-  
boring men, strong and healthy in other re-  
spects, suffer from inconvenience, and occa-  
sionally excruciating pains in the back and  
across the loins; experience a frequent desire  
to pass pain during the night, and, in some  
cases, frequent stoppages in the flow. These  
are manifestations resulting from some strain or  
heavy lift (perhaps years ago), and aggravated  
by every change in the weather. Every  
slight cold flies direct to this one weak spot,  
and unless promptly attended to the disease  
becomes chronic, and the once strong man a  
wretched wreck. Mishler's Herb Bitters is the  
only certain remedy for this class of dis-  
eases. It has a peculiar tendency to the kid-  
neys, stimulates them to healthy action, and  
removing the cause, prevents the formation of  
brick-dust deposits, which, if permitted to  
continue, will by cohesion form gravel stones,  
necessitating a painful operation for their re-  
moval. Many of the ingredients entering into  
its composition, are universally recognized as  
specifics for all complaints of the urinary or-  
gans. In Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, all  
disorders of the Bowels, and affections of the  
Throat and Lungs, it is equally certain and  
effective; while, as a remedy for the com-  
plaints peculiar to the female sex, it has no  
equal. Ladies, old and young, married and  
single, in every condition of life, will find  
this GREAT RENOVATOR, purifier, and  
restorer of the system, a most valuable and  
reliable. The pale, ailing complexion is  
replaced by a blooming, healthful counte-  
nance, and the system is enabled Nature to  
perform her functions REGULARLY and  
WITHOUT INTERFERENCE. Sold only in bottles  
by all Druggists and general dealers.

THE MARKETS.

MIDDLETOWN GRAIN MARKET.  
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. T. EVANS & CO.  
Wheat, 100 bushels, \$1.15 @ 1.20  
Corn, white, 100 bushels, 85 cts.  
" yellow, 100 bushels, 85 cts.  
Oats, 100 bushels, 65 cts.  
Timothy Seed, 100 bushels, 50 cts.  
Clover, 100 bushels, 40 cts.  
Rye, 100 bushels, 100 cts.

MIDDLETOWN PRODUCE MARKET.  
CORRECTED WEEKLY BY R. T. EVANS & CO.  
Eggs, 100 bushels, 25 cts.  
Butter, 100 bushels, 30 cts.  
Potatoes, 100 bushels, 10 cts.  
Chickens, Spring, 100 bushels, 10 cts.  
Turkeys, dressed, 100 bushels, 10 cts.  
Geese, 100 bushels, 10 cts.  
Ducks, 100 bushels, 10 cts.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.  
Prime red wheat, 100 bushels, \$1.25 @ 1.30  
Corn, yellow, 10